

Best Day Ever?

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Summary: Phineas begins to crush on Isabella as they start high school, but how exactly do these feelings develop? A "what if" look into the future/filling in the gaps of Act Your Age if Isabella hadn't given up. I was going for fluffy, but honest, I hope you all enjoy.

## 1. Last Day of Summer

Thank you to Dan and Swampy for creating this show, and to all the writers, animators, storyboard artists, and voice actors for working so tirelessly to create something so wonderful. Now, on to the story.

So, in Act Your Age we find out that Phineas begins to like Isabella when they start high school, so I just wanted to explore how that might have begun (and if Isabella hadn't "given up"). I love fanfics of Phineas beginning to figure out his feelings, so I wanted to give it a shot. This is my first story ever, so please go easy on me. If you think I should continue with the story, leave a review! For now, it's just a one-shot. Also, sorry to all the Ferbella shippers out there. I honestly do love the Ferbella stories I've read, but for the show I still ship Phinabella. But hey, maybe one day I'll write a Ferbella story because I've read some really amazing ones. Anyways, enough blabbering, please enjoy!

**\*\*I do not own Phineas and Ferb.\*\***

"Now that was the best day ever."

Phineas smiled, leaning back against his favorite tree in the backyard. He settled in, looking around at his friends as they sat quietly, letting the extraordinary events of the day sink into their minds alongside the beautiful setting sunset.

It truly had been an amazing day. It was their last 24 hours before

summer vacation would end, so the ambitious brothers had of course pulled out all the stops. From the giant car with Ferris-wheels as tires to the life-size cotton candy trees to the rocket powered parasails, it had been incredible. It certainly was one of Phineas and Ferb's most inventive days, yet Phineas was honestly just happy to see the smiles on his friends' faces. Years ago, the contraptions he and his brother built had been completed solely to conquer the long summer days, squeezing out every last drop of fun they possibly could. But, as the years went on, Phineas had grown to simply want to make his friends happy while simultaneously enjoying their company. His version of hanging out with his friends just happened to involve backyard rollercoasters, combined seasons, and giant fighting treehouses.

"I can't believe summer's over." Isabella mused quietly, letting her gaze trail across all her friend's faces.

"Yes, it is a real shame." Baljeet chirped, trying (and failing) to sound saddened by the news.

Buford gave him a shove and rolled his eyes. "Yeah, ya look real torn up about it."

Baljeet sighed. "Well, can you really blame me? I mean, we are entering high school, people! Fresh pencils, new textbooks, advanced calculus!" Baljeet smiled and looked dreamily into the distance, content in his fantasies of complex calculations.

Buford gave him another hard shove as the rest all chuckled at their extremely math-enthused friend until Isabella spoke again, this time directly at Phineas. "Are you sad summer's over, Phineas?"

He looked up at her and shrugged, apparently still torn on the subject. "I guess so. But at the same time, Baljeet's right! I mean, it's high school! It should be pretty exciting, I hope."

The gang smiled at Phineas' optimistic and upbeat answer, nodding along at the true words.

"Besides, no matter what happens, we're still going to be friends! Just with a lot more homework," he added with a sheepish smile.

Everyone nodded to each another in agreement before lapsing into a comfortable silence, occasionally breaking the peace to bring up a favorite moment of the summer or past years. Despite the spontaneous trips down memory lane, it was plain to see that they all had other things in the forefront of their minds, most obviously the upcoming introduction into high school. Ferb chuckled quietly to himself, remarking how he had never seen his usually highly energetic friends so silent. But it had been a long (and fun!) day, and there was that thick, heavy feeling in the air of noticeable and impending change.

They all remained in the familiar backyard, drawing out the inevitable end of summer, until darkness settled and the stars began to twinkle. Finally, they stood, exchanging goodbyes and making plans to ride the school bus together, all agreeing that it would only be right to face this next step as a group.

The line of friends trickled out of the yard, Baljeet and Buford through the gate and Ferb through the sliding door, until only Phineas and Isabella remained. "You better head home, Izzy. Big day tomorrow."

Isabella smiled and nodded. "I know; I just don't want this day to end. Plus, I, I wanted to say thanks."

Phineas looked at her quizzically, "Thanks?" He thought back on the past few weeks but came up empty; he didn't remember doing anything especially noteworthy for her recently. Well, except for that huge sundae after her wisdom teeth procedure (since he never actually got to make her a giant sundae when she got her tonsils out years ago), but still, that had been more than a few weeks back.

"Yeah! I mean, it was a really great day. So, thanks for making it another wonderful one. Honestly every single day this summer was pretty extraordinary. Just like every summer," she finished with a small smile, looking up at him a little nervously, tugging at the bottom of her signature pink dress.

Phineas looked at her surprised, even a little taken aback. He knew that he and Ferb mostly did these summer activities for his friends, but they accomplished it all together, it wasn't just him.

"Oh, well, thanks Isabella! But really, it's a team effort. I mean, we couldn't have made those cotton candy trees without the Fireside girls' churning skills. I still can't believe there's a patch for cotton candy making."

She laughed, smiling a little at his Fireside patch confusion and his modest nature. She walked a little closer to him and shrugged, "Still, without your imagination and positivity, my childhood would have just been full of boring TV marathons and swimming in my pool. So, thanks. You and Ferb, it's pretty incredible what you two can do." She paused, choosing her next words carefully. "You're really amazing, Phineas."

Phineas simply looked at her, his jaw going slightly slack. Isabella had always been nice to him, I mean, she was one of his best friends! But he couldn't remember the last time she had shared such kind words. Well, that's not true. She always made sure to compliment him and Ferb's inventions, but she hadn't spoken about him like that since they were what, ten? He suddenly remembered them traveling around the world in a day and the end of that summer solstice. He smiled slightly at the memory of little Isabella hugging him and exclaiming over the success of the supposed impossible. But still, even then she had made sure to include Ferb in her complimentary words.

Phineas glanced up at her, noticing how the stars lit up her sleek, black hair that was tied back neatly into a no-nonsense braid, with a bow on the end, of course. Phineas had always secretly liked how she had kept the bow for all these years. It was so undeniably Isabella, plus it was pretty darn cute. It was a scientific fact, after all.

He suddenly realized that he hadn't said anything to her yet, and she had begun to look down, playing with her hands behind her back,

nervous about the words she had permitted herself to say. Phineas swallowed, his heart beating a little faster, all of a sudden very aware of his sweaty palms and inability to grasp at words. "I, well, thanks Isabella. I, I mean, you're, well, I mean, you do all that with, with the Fireside girls and I do, stuff, andâ€¦" Phineas coughed, clearly flustered.

Isabella looked up in surprise, blushing, with a tinge of amusement creeping into her features, clearly enjoying the nervousness she managed to create in him. Although it was certainly intriguing to see the usually self-assured boy nervous and blushing, she wasn't the type to tease those who had been knocked down a peg, so she simply giggled and waited patiently for him to finish his thoughts. He finally swallowed and stopped wringing his hands, looking up at her and saying softly, "You're really amazing too, Isabella."

She smiled, a swarm of fluttering butterflies quickly erupting in her stomach, before reaching out and wrapping her arms around his neck, breathing in his signature scent of freshly mowed grass and power tools. Phineas paused, surprised at the sudden contact, then easily wrapped his arms around her back, taking note of the softness of her long braid, and enjoying the way it tickled his hands.

After a few more comfortable seconds of contact, she pulled away, dropping her hands from his shoulders, and beaming. "Well, I'll see you tomorrow, Phineas. Bright and early!"

Phineas nodded, waving as she went out through the weathered, wooden gate. "Yeah, see you tomorrow, Izzy."

She grinned at the nickname as she skipped home, unaware of the small smile on Phineas' face that remained for the rest of the night, even as he fell asleep, his last thoughts before slumber being that the best part of the day had been nothing else but that quick, yet poignant exchange between the two young teens.

Definitely the best day ever.

## 2. First Week of High School

Thank you to everyone who reviewed, favorited, or followed the story! It really means a lot. This chapter is definitely longer than the first because I had to do a bit of explaining for Isabella's point of view, but hopefully you all like it! Enjoy!

**\*\*I do not own Phineas and Ferb.\*\***

Isabella faced her open closet, head cocked to the side, hands on her hips, and mind deep in thought about the complexities of young teen girl fashion. Pink t-shirt with white shorts? White tank top with pink capris? Throw everyone off and wear orange? No, she quickly put that thought to bed. Orange was definitely not a good look for her, plus that color was all Phineas.

Oh, Phineas, she sighed dreamily, suspended momentarily from her fashion anxiety as she let her mind wander to a certain red-haired boy across the way. After a whimsical and romantic daydream involving Phineas discovering a unicorn for her, then the two of them riding it into the sunset through hot fudge sundae mountains, she abruptly

snapped to attention and shook herself out of it.

"No, Isabella. Not today, okay? Not today. It's your first day of high school! High school! There are more important things to focus on. Plus, you promised yourself that you would calm down about this crush. You. Need. To. Calm. Down. He's just a boy. A red-haired kind, intelligent, loyal, talented ball of positivity that I managed to catch in my heart andâ€¦ Ugh stop stop! He's just a guy. It's Phineas! Relax. Reeelllllaaaaaxxxx. Get a hold of yourself, Fireside girl. And jeez, stop talking to yourself."

She straightened up and stopped pacing, a habit she had become accustomed to during these inner battles between letting go and holding on to her long and lengthy crush. It was true, she had considered giving up on Phineas and her unrequited crush for the past year, but every time she tried, she simply couldn't let go. Maybe it was the way he was always there for her. How he always put his family and friends first. The twinkle he got in his eye when he thought of an idea. Who was she kidding, it was everything about him. He was wonderful.

On the bright side, she had grown enough over the years to limit her trips to Phineasland down to only when she was alone. She had been able to hold in the squealing and embarrassing slip-ups \_("you had me at our grandchildren"; \_really Isabella? Really?!) enough to hold conversations of just the two of them without dropping any hints that any normal boy would pick up on. She, of course, would still take advantage of the rare moments of time alone together, batting her eyelashes and "accidently" placing her hand on his, but overall, her crush on Phineas had certainly mellowed out over the years of his obliviousness.

She still wasn't bitter though. Being relaxed around him allowed her to get to know him even better, and she knew that he considered her to be one of his best friends. And really, spending time with him was lovely no matter what their relationship status was. Though she certainly would not object to it becoming "in a relationship". Would he ever open his eyes and truly see her? \_There was that moment last night\_, she thought, smiling at the memory of his uncharacteristic shyness. Was it possible that he was beginning to like her? She sighed; only time will tell.

She finally decided on an outfit, a pink skirt with a white tee-shirt and her signature pink converse, then hopped down the stairs with her backpack. She said a quick hello to her mother, grabbed the toast she had prepared for her, and made her way to the door. Or, tried to. Her mom came running after her, a camera slung around her neck, and insisted on a picture.

"Mooooommmmm," Isabella whined. "Do we really have to do this \_every\_ year?"

"Isa," her mom started, shooting her a look that meant business. "This is a very special day! My baby's first day of high school! It feels like just yesterday I was walking you to the bus stop for your first day of kindergarten!" She sighed, wiping a little at her eyes before giving Isabella a stern look. "So yes. It is very important that we document your days of youth! Especially since you're growing into such a beautiful, intelligent, and capable young woman."

"Mooooomm," Isabella whined again, this time blushing and rolling her eyes, though she was secretly touched by her mother's kindness. She consented to the picture, kissed her mother's cheek, and quickly skipped out the door.

She arrived at the bus stop, busying her mind with thoughts of the all of the clubs and teams she wanted to join, and said a quick hello to Phineas and Ferb, who had the same bus route. Ferb simply nodded a greeting, while Phineas jumped up excitedly and began speaking hurriedly, eager for the upcoming events of the day.

"Hey Isabella! Are you ready? I'm pretty excited, I hope we'll be in a lot of the same classes! I asked Candace about some of the best teachers and I guess Mr. Storris is one to avoid, but Ms. Applebaum is pretty easygoing andâ€¦"

Isabella and Ferb exchanged a glance, trying to conceal a laugh at their unabashedly talkative friend. Phineas rambled on for a few more minutes, saying something about building jetpack backpacks with breakfast food dispensers, until the bus arrived. Isabella inwardly sighed. All the traces of that blushing, awkward Phineas were definitely gone. Maybe she had imagined their whole exchange last night.

They climbed aboard, Isabella sitting in the seat Ginger saved for her while Phineas sat with Ferb. They were reunited with all their friends as the Fireside girls and Baljeet (recently wedgied, but still very excited) hopped onto the bus; Baljeet dragging a sleepy-eyed and protesting Buford in his wake.

Isabella was disappointed to discover that she did not have the same homeroom as Phineas, but Ginger, Gretchen, and Baljeet did, and they all walked together to the new classroom. After chatting with classmates they haven't seen over the summer, the room abuzz with excited gossip and reunions, the students quieted down as new schedules were passed out. Isabella looked over the sheet quickly and thoroughly before exchanging with Ginger and Gretchen. They fortunately had several classes together, filling Isabella with relief that she would definitely still be seeing her best friends regularly every day.

The day passed quickly for Isabella, her excitement continuing on through each coming class. Luckily the whole gang had the same lunch period, and after exchanging schedules she found that at least one of her close friends was in every class she had, though she had only one with Phineas, English. Overall, it was a busy and exhilarating day and she didn't return home until after 5:30 from soccer practice, collapsing onto her bed with a sigh before diving into her pile of welcome back homework.

The week continued to be busy and packed with schoolwork, classes, and afterschool activities. In fact, Isabella was so consumed with school and clubs that she hardly was able to talk to Phineas all week, so she was pleased, to say the least, to find him sitting on her steps leading up to her front door that Friday afternoon.

Ginger's mom pulled into her driveway, dropping her off after soccer practice, as Isabella said her goodbyes. "That was a seriously

awesome goal today, Ginger. If we keep this up, we'll definitely get to play in some varsity games this year! Thanks for the ride, Mrs. Hirano! See you tomorrow, Ginger!" Isabella waved to Ginger's mom and gathered her backpack and duffel bag from the car, rolling her eyes at Ginger's not-so-subtle head nod in Phineas' direction and clearly mouthed words, "text me later!"

Isabella turned and walked up the pathway to her front door, stopping in front of Phineas and placing a hand on her hip in mock-amusement. "Hey stranger," she smiled as he put away the walkie-talkie he was tampering with (he was expanding the distance of communication to all over the world in addition to adding in a teleportation feature) and stood up to greet her.

"Hey yourself! Sorry for stopping by unannounced, but I haven't really gotten to see you all week! Ferb and I were thinking you could come over? Maybe watch the new Space Adventures movie? Ferb just got it last week and it has all the deleted scenes and never-before-seen footage!"

With an odd mix of euphoria at the fact that he had missed her, but deflation at the fact that it was Phineas and Ferb's idea, she put on a smile. Hey, time with the two brothers was still time with Phineas, and she was going to take everything she could get, especially because of the dry-spell of this week. She had been so absorbed in her first week as a high-schooler that her time spent in Phineasland had been seriously depleted. Plus, she needed some new material to incorporate into her daydreams. And, it was Phineas! Of course she was going to say yes. But that didn't mean she couldn't tease him a little.

She gave him a bemused look, raising her eyebrows. "Space Adventures, huh? Man, you sure know what a girl likes, Phin."

He chuckled, giving her a playful shove. "Hey, you used to love them when we were younger! Plus, they're awesome. You can't fight the awesome, Isabella."

She heaved a dramatic sigh. "Well, I guess I can grace the Flynn-Fletcher boys with my presence on this particular Friday night. But first, I gotta shower. Two-hour practice has not been kind to me. I'll be over in 20ish minutes!"

"Awesome! I'll see you then. The Flynn-Fletcher boys are forever indebted to you!" Phineas called over his shoulder as he backwards-walked across the street to his home, smiling at her along the way.

She giggled, clearly enjoying their playful banter, "Yeah, and don't you forget it!"

Isabella showered quickly and threw on some clean jean shorts and a plain white t-shirt. Her hair took a little more effort; she had kept the long length all these years, and though it was certainly a pain to brush, she liked the way it looked and kept it. Deciding to forgo a braid in order to make it dry faster, she grabbed her phone and keys, sending her mom a text to let her know where she'll be, and walked over to the house that held such a tender place in her heart.

She knocked on the door, still a little hesitant to simply burst in unannounced. Phineas opened it quickly and smiled at her. "Hey Isabella! All showered up? Getting excited for the movie? Mom said dinner's almost ready and I think it's..."

Phineas trailed off, losing his words mid-sentence. Isabella raised an eyebrow. Was there something on her face? Did she forget to put on a bra? She tugged at the strap. Nope, definitely a bra there. Then why had he stopped talking and what was he looking at? Phineas just stood there, his hand resting on the door frame while his gaze remained steadily on her.

"Uh, Phineas? Is something wrong? Is there something on my face?" She self-consciously touched her nose, checking for snot until he spoke.

"Uh, no, sorry. It's just, your hair's down. It's usually braided."

She looked at him surprised. She patted her hair, realizing he usually didn't get to see her hair down anymore. Although when she was younger she usually let it flow freely, over the years it was most often placed in a braid or a ponytail for convenience. But now, it cascaded down her back. Still quite damp, but cascading never-the-less.

She never knew he paid so much attention to her hair. Or maybe he always did and now she was the oblivious one? No, that was most definitely not possible. First his stammering last night and now this? Was actually Phineas starting to like her? She decided to test the waters.

"Oh right, well, it dries faster when it's loose and not in a bun or a braid. Why? Does it, does it look bad?" She knew she was fishing for a compliment, but at the same time she was a little concerned. Maybe he really did think it looked bad.

Phineas' eyes landed upon her own after gently navigating the waves of her hair, the curve of her nose, the lines of her lips. "No," Phineas murmured, still standing in a slightly trance-like state in the doorway. "It looks really nice."

A small smile began creeping over Isabella's face and she looked down, her cheeks turning red and her heart suddenly beating like she just ran a marathon. She's about to say something in return until Linda called out from inside the house, "Phineas, Ferb, dinner's ready. And where's Isabella? Isn't she joining us?"

Phineas snapped to attention while Isabella sighed. "Well, we better go eat," Phineas said, clearing his throat. She nodded and stepped inside. Well, this wasn't the first time she was interrupted. But, this definitely was one of the few times where Phineas was blushing alongside her. I definitely have more material for my daydreams, she thought giddily. And definitely something text-worthy to talk to Ginger about.

Over the years Isabella had been able to grace the Flynn-Fletcher kitchen table a number of times, and it had always been a pleasant experience. Linda and Lawrence's loving banter, Candace's exasperated grumbling, Ferb's quiet attentiveness, and Phineas' excited ramblings



always made Isabella feel right at home, and seeing as she's an only child, the eclectic family's dinners were always a welcome change from the usual silence at home.

"So, Isabella, Phineas told me that you had a pretty busy week!" Linda gestured toward Isabella from across the table as Lawrence chimed in, "I suppose that Fireside girl fire doesn't fade away with age."

Isabella chuckled, her cheeks warming slightly at the thought of her name being brought up by the boy sitting next to her. "It definitely has been pretty busy, but I like it that way! Soccer, debate team, school newspaper, student governmentâ€¦ I gotta make Mrs. Fireside proud! And all the Lil Sparks of course."

The two parents smiled, with Linda saying warmly, "Well you definitely do, Isabella. I just hope you leave a little time for fun. It's easy to get stressed with so much on your plate, so I'm glad Phineas invited you over for the movie."

Okay, now Isabella was definitely blushing. Phineas had invited her over to hang out with him and Ferb. Right? But maybe, just maybeâ€¦ No, it's been a long week, Isabella. Don't get your hopes up for this just to get let down. Just enjoy the time spent with him, okay? But what about last week\_, a little voice whispered to her. And just now, that whole hair thing\_. That was definitely something new. She had to admit that the hopeful voice had a point. It certainly couldn't hurt to say something.\_

Isabella smiled and glanced at Phineas, who-wait, was he blushing? Again? Twice in one day? Did Phineas somehow develop Candace's allergic reaction to wild parsnips? But, without the gravelly low voice? That seemed like the only logical explanation here. She spoke, keeping an eye on Phineas. "I'm glad he asked me too. I love spending time here with Phineas." She paused, "And Ferb."

Okay, his cheeks were definitely pink. Was she making him uncomfortable? I mean, almost a week ago she had called him amazing for crying out loud! This couldn't possibly be more blush-inducing than that! So, why was he blushing?

"Th-thanks, Isabella. Ferb and me. I mean, I. I mean, us. I mean, you know, we like spending time with you too."

Phineas was looking down at his plate, not meeting anyone's eyes and his face was getting redder by the second. And he was stammering again. Stammering! Phineas did not stammer. He acts excited and he's talkative, but nervous? Stammering? Totally new territory.

Isabella wasn't the only one who had noticed Phineas' odd behavior. Candace was away at law school, but Linda and Lawrence were exchanging looks, their eyebrows raised in interest. Ferb was watching Phineas with an amused expression on his face, clearly holding back a laugh. She gave Ferb a sort of nodding gesture, is he doing what I think he's doing?\_ And Ferb tipped his head back slightly; it appears so.\_

Isabella cleared her throat. "Well, I'm definitely excited to watch the movie tonight."

Submerged into darkness for two and a half hours next to her childhood crush? Who is apparently blushing every time she pays him a compliment and noticing her changing hairstyle? Oh yes, Isabella was definitely excited to see what would happen next.

Okay, so how did I do? I wanted to show Phineas sort of struggling with these new found feelings (the next chapter will be in his own perspective), while Isabella just tries to figure out what the heck's going on. Was it too lengthy? Not plotty enough? Did I stay true to the characters? Gahh so many things. Anyways, all reviews and favorites and follows are always appreciated. I think I'm going to try to update every week, so hopefully I'll stay true to that. And thank you all so much for reading!

### 3. Movie Night and Confusion

**\*\*I do not own Phineas and Ferb.\*\***

Phineas leaned against the back of his door, breathing hard with his eyes wide in panic, before sliding down and collapsing into a heap at the bottom. Curling his knees up to his chest and running his fingers through his fiery red hair, he shook his head and sighed, clearly exasperated. Needless to say, it had not been a great night for the young inventor. He sat quietly, deep in thought, while mulling over the events of the last few hours. What on Earth was happening to him?

If Phineas was being honest with himself, the nervousness he had been feeling tonight had really started the last day before summer vacation. Phineas thought hard, hoping he could piece together some sort of idea as to what was going on. It had been an ordinary day (well, ordinary for him), until the end of the night. Isabella had complimented him. Then he had felt all sweaty and jittery. She had hugged him and it wasâ€¦ Nice. Warm and different, but good different. Phineas couldn't help the small smile from creeping across his face when he thought back to the embrace. He shook his head, trying to clear it. They had hugged and held hands numerous times when they were younger, so it shouldn't be a big deal. He didn't understand; why had it felt so different?

\_Okay, fast forward, Flynn, what happened next? \_Their first week of high school. Nothing had really happened that week, but maybe that was the problem. He had felt a bit subdued after Monday, why was that? \_You hadn't been able to see Isabella\_, \_Phineas\_, \_except briefly during lunch and English\_. \_Would it have anything to do with that?\_ It was true, all week he had tried to push it away, but he had a nagging feeling that he had missed her.

\_But that's not so strange. She's one of your closest friends, of course you would miss her, \_Phineas reasoned. \_And inviting her over for the movie tonight, that was completely normal. We used to do that all the time during the summer! \_But? \_You were more excited than usual when she said yes, \_a small voice argued in the back of his mind\_. And then when you answered the door, you your stomach kept flip-flopping. Why were you so nervous?\_

The voice had a point. He was usually never nervous around Isabella. I mean, why would he be? She was his friend. She knew practically everything about him and vice versa. It's not like they had any

secrets or \_reasons\_ to feel jittery. But when he answered the door she had looked different. No, it was more than that. \_She looked pretty\_, Phineas finally admitted to himself. Was he allowed to think that? He always knew that she was cute, and he wasn't blind, over the years all of his friends, including him, had grown up physically. Yet Phineas blushed while realizing that maybe "cute" wasn't the right word to describe her anymore.

Next they were at dinner where his mom and her were talking about school, and suddenly Isabella said that she liked to hang out with him. His head had turned to mush and he couldn't speak properly. Later, he had tried to pay attention to the movie, he really had. It was Space Adventures! With deleted scenes and interviews with the cast! But all he could focus on was how soft Isabella's hair looked when the light from the TV shined on it. And how good she smelled. Like, lavender? Vanilla? Cinnamon? Had she always smelt this good? Ugh, he felt like his brain was about to explode.

\_Just walk through it slowly, like a math problem. \_Math was definitely something Phineas could handle. He could do this. \_Okay, so we we watching the movie...\_ Isabella sat on Phineas' left with Ferb on her left. Everything had been fine, it had started out simply enough, but ten or so minutes into the movie, Isabella had changed her position on the couch. She brought her legs up sideways, sitting at an angle with her body facing Phineas. Phineas didn't think much of it, until he glanced over, suddenly noticing she was sitting a lot closer to him than he originally perceived. Had she moved over closer to him? \_No, that's silly, it's Isabella. She was probably just trying to get comfortable.\_

Either way, this new position was highly distracting to Phineas. Every move she made had him looking over at her. From the way she hugged her legs tighter when she got scared to the way she unconsciously played with her hair, twirling the black tresses between her absentminded fingers. Phineas didn't know why he all of a sudden found her so much more interesting, but he couldn't help but sneak looks at her every few minutes. Eventually, he was watching her more than the movie itself, and even worse, she caught him. She had felt his eyes on hers and looked over, smiling sweetly and shyly when she realized she had found him mid-stare. He had quickly looked away, trying to fight the goofy smile beginning to stretch over his face.

This was all too much, and that was what led him to suddenly stand up, saying that he felt sick and that he would see Isabella on Monday, before running to his and Ferb's room and collapsing at the bottom of his room's door. It was a lot to handle; certainly not his finest hour. \_Well, one thing is for certain\_, Phineas thought. \_All this nervousness is all leading back to Isabella.\_

He finally stood, unravelling himself from the pretzel shape he had somehow tangled himself into. "Okay, what's wrong? How do you usually handle problems, Phineas?" He murmured to himself, realizing he probably looked crazy, but honestly didn't care. These were stressful times! Ideas, planning, blueprints, \_those\_ were what always came easily to him. He was the idea guy! Ready to seize the day, ready to solve whatever problem he or his friends encountered.

But this was different. He was beginning to feel worked up, nervous, and more excited than usual around his childhood best friend. He was

confused, and maybe even a little scared. This was his best friend, this was Isabella. Yet he was stuck in a storm cloud of uncertainty and bewilderment at these new found reactions. But, it was also kind of sunny? Like when it's really dark and cloudy in one area of the sky but then another section is really bright and warm and clear? Phineas rolled his eyes, whoa, slow down with the metaphors, this isn't English class. But it was true, these new developments were confusing, yes, but also, maybe kind ofâ€¦ Nice?

He collapsed onto his bed, head first, allowing the fluffiness of the pillows and blankets to provide comfort. He heard a soft chattering to his right and propped himself up by the elbow, smiling weakly at the fuzzy companion. "Oh, there you are, Perry. I didn't hear you come in." Perry hopped onto the bed, nudging Phineas' arm and slipping under, simultaneously offering comfort while asking for some back rub love. Phineas willingly consented, his heart rate decreasing easily with each scratch on Perry's back. "When did things get so complicated, Perry?" He was provided no answer except for a soft growling noise, but Phineas didn't mind. What he did mind was that no matter how comforting his childhood pet was, not all thoughts could be erased, and one continued to linger on despite Perry's calming presence: What in the world are you doing to me, Isabella?

**\*\*Meanwhile\*\*\_\*\*â€¦\*\*\_**

"Ferb, what the heck is going on?"

Blushing, stammering, catching her crush watching her; it had been an extremely eventful night for the young teenage girl, so Isabella turned to who else, but her crush's brother for help. She was looking at Ferb, vexed and a little shocked by the events of the last few hours while Ferb leaned back in his chair, glancing back at Isabella with an amused expression etched onto his usually blankly expressed face.

"I think we both know what is happening here, Isabella."

She shot him a look; she was not amused. "Ferb, come on, I cannot handle your sarcasm right now. I mean, this could be big. Do you think he's actually starting to, beginning toâ€¦"? She stopped, not even daring to say the words out loud.

"Well, he is certainly displaying some very clear indicators of crushing. Blushing, nervousness, an inability to form coherent sentencesâ€¦"

Ferb was smirking, laughing at Isabella's shock and Phineas' complete lack of understanding of his own feelings. Ferb loved Phineas like, well, like a brother, but it had been pretty amusing to watch this inner struggle go down.

"Ferb, are you going to be real with me or what? Does he like me? Should I talk to him? I don't want to scare him. Or what if he secretly hates me? This is so surreal." She was biting her lip and tugging at the hem of her shorts, a habit that always seemed to emerge when she was nervous. Which also happened to coincide with many moments involving Phineas.

Ferb sighed, realizing it was time to put the amusement to rest and

be serious. "Isabella, I honestly do believe that Phineas is starting to develop feelings for you. Does he understand what those feelings are yet? That, I am not so sure of. I will talk to him when he's ready, and help the best I can. This is obviously all new to him though, so it may take some time." Ferb looked at her, hoping she had taken it all in and that he wouldn't have to repeat himself. Though he had talked more and more over the years, he still found that unnecessary dialogue, was well, unnecessary, and tried his best to avoid it. Although he couldn't help but add, "And Isabella, don't be daft. Phineas would obviously never hate you."

She had stayed silent during his lengthy spiel, but finally laughed. "Okay, okay, I will take your word for it and be patient. Ahh I can't believe this may actually be happening!" She squealed excitedly, bouncing up and down on the living room couch, not able to contain herself. Then she remembered the end of his speech and shot him a glare, "And Ferb! Don't call me daft, god."

Ferb rolled his eyes and chuckled good-naturedly. "Well, someone has to talk honestly around here. And without all that stammering."

Isabella let out a melodramatic sigh and stood, shoving him a little on her way to the front door. "Have you always been this snarky? Because you're taking it to a whole new level. But thanks, Ferb. I'll see you Monday at school. And don't forget to give me updates. Every hour, Fletcher!" She called out behind her as she slipped out the front door.

Ferb snickered, then collected the DVD, heaving a big sigh in preparation for the necessary and impending talk with his brother. This will certainly be an interesting conversation, Ferb thought. But it is most definitely about time, he concluded as he climbed the stairs to his and his brother's shared room, pondering along the way as to what was to come.

Thank you all so much for your follows, favorites, and reviews! I hope you like this chapter. I know not much actually happens plot-wise, but I thought it was time to see how Phineas is processing all these new found feelings, and whether or not he could even understand them. Plus, it was definitely fun to write the banter between Ferb and Isabella. I tried to make it sarcastic and close/sibling-y, hopefully with a bit of humor thrown in. Anyways, I hope you all enjoyed.

End  
file.